THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, June 13, 1808.

ACCOUNT *of the late* ADMIRAL RODDAM.

THE late Robert Roddam, esq. senior admiral of the red, was brother to the late Edward Roddam, of Roddam, in the county of Northumberland, esq. and third son of Edward Roddam, of Roddam and Little Houghton, esq. by Jane, daughter of Robert Shelly, esq. merchant, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. The family of Roddam is believed to be one of the most ancient in the British dominions.

Mr. Roddam (the subject of these memoirs) went to sea as a midshipman in the Lowestoffe, in the year 1735—6. He served also as midshipman in the Russell, Cumberland, and Boyne, and was upon the Antigua station with Captain Drummond, of the Lowestoffe, more than five years. Sir Chaloner Ogle then took him into his own ship, on his way to Jamaica, to join Admiral Vernon, whom he accompanied on the different expeditions to Hispaniola, Carthagena, the island of Cuba, Cumberland harbour, &c. The young sailor shewed great valour and intrepidity, yet had the good luck to escape without injury, though a part of his coat was shot off by a cannon-ball. On the 3d of November, 1741, he was made third-lieutenant of the Superb, in which he returned the same year to England, and, though so young an officer, had the good fortune to save the ship twice on her passage home.

The Superb was paid off at Plymouth, in 1742, and Mr. Roddam was commissioned third lieutenant of the Monmouth, the 7th of September, 1742. Charles Wyndham, esq. commanded the Monmouth; he was a most correct and excellent officer. Being on a cruize off the island of Teneriffe, the captain (as was his constant practice at night) gave particular orders that every incident should be inserted in the log-book.

Lieutenant Roddam, as first watch, received Captain Wyndham's commands to put the ship about at twelve o'clock, which he unsuccessfully attempted to do three times, although there was no apparent obstacle; and when Lieutenant Hamilton went upon deck to relieve the watch, Roddam told him that witchcraft must have prevented the ship from going about, and bidding Hamilton go forward, in his presence he once more attempted it, when the ship missed stays a fourth time; a fortunate circumstance, as it proved in the event; for so much time was thus occupied, that day-light commencing, a sail was perceived a-head of the Monmouth, which they chased, and took. She proved to be a Spanish ship of about one hundred thousand pounds value, and which would not have been seen but for this accident. Lieutenant Roddam related this circumstance to his captain soon after, at the same time reminding him that his custom of inspecting the log-book had been neglected, or he would there have seen that his commands had not been obeyed; but Captain Wyndham's good fortune had of course made him forgetful of his rule, and he was much pleased at the lucky circumstance that had stayed the hand of his young lieutenant.

On the 14th of July, 1744, young Roddam was made second lieutenant of the same ship, Captain Henry Harrison then commander, and on the 14th of July, 1746, he was promoted to the command of his Majesty's sloop Viper. About this time Lord Anson (then Mr. Anson) went to Portsmouth to command the western squadron, and expressing a strong wish to all the captains to stop a fleet at that time lying at Plymouth, they urged the impracticability of the undertaking in a high south-west wind, and stated many other concurring obstacles. Mr. Roddam, the youngest captain, instantly undertook to try the possibility of stopping them, though his sloop being just off the stocks, was in every way incomplete, and he performed Mr. Anson's wish with a readiness and alacrity which shewed that quickness and steadiness are not incompatible, but when united, may effect what neither separately can accomplish. This was so strong a recommendation to that great naval officer, Lord Anson, that he immediately wrote to the lords of the admiralty for leave to take Captain Roddam under his command.

In the course of that year Admiral Sir Peter Warren, then commanding the western squadron, received intelligence from a Bristol privateer that more than thirty vessels were in Sidera Bay, near Cape Ortugal, laden with naval stores. Sir Peter enquired if the privateer's captain could carry in any of his majesty's ships; to which he replied in the negative. The admiral then asked if any battery sheltered them? and being answered there were two, and that the entrance was very narrow,

row, he determined to relinquish the attempt as impracticable. Captain Harrison, of the Monmouth, being present, recommended the admiral to send the Viper, which Roddam commanded, adding, "He would answer for that young man effecting all that human nature could perform;" and on that day Captain Roddam received his orders, to sail in the evening, and was off the first battery next morning, which he carried, destroyed all the guns, and also took a privateer then coming out; he proceeded into the bay, burnt more than thirty sail of vessels, and on the third day rejoined his admiral with three or four prizes, not being able to man more from his little sloop of fourteen guns, and ninety men and boys. The town offered to surrender on his own terms, but Captain Roddam told the inhabitants that he did not come to aggrandize himself and crew by distressing harmless individuals, but only such as armed against Great Britain, the number of whom at the first battery amounted to about five hundred men.

Upon Captain Roddam's return to the squadron, he was met at entering the port by Admiral Sir Peter Warren, who taking him in his arms, thanked him most warmly for the most important service he had rendered his country, which with his answer to the inhabitants, so pleased and gratified this gallant and humane admiral, that his statement of the affair to the lords of the admiralty immediately obtained Captain Roddam the command of the Greyhound frigate, of 24 guns, with the rank of post-captain, to which he was appointed the 7th of July, 1747. On his return to England in the Viper, being off Portsmouth, and no otherwise known to its inhabitants than from the account of his conduct in Sidera Bay, they immediately offered and earnestly solicited Captain Roddam to become their representative in parliament; this honour he repeatedly refused, as well as many offers from boroughs at various times rendered to him. Captain Roddam served in the Greyhound frigate in Holland, under Commodore Mitchell; he was afterwards ordered to join Admiral Watson, at Louisburgh, and was by him stationed three years at New York, whence he returned to England in 1751, and on the 30th of January, 1753, was commissioned for the Bristol guardship, of 50 guns, at Plymouth, where he served about a year; and in 1755, he was appointed to the Greenwich, also a 50-gun ship, sailed to the West-Indies, and was upon the Jamaica station 'till 1757.

(To be concluded in our next.)

AN ANECDOTE.

THE late Lord Kellie was, like his prototype Falstaff, "not only witty himself, but the cause of wit in other men."

Mr. A—— B——, the Scottish advocate, a man of considerable humour, accompanied by great formality of manner, happened to be one of a convivial party, when his lordship was at the head of the table. After dinner he was asked to sing, but absolutely refused to comply with the pressing solicitation of the company. At length Lord Kellie told him that he should not escape; he must either sing a song, tell a story, or drink a pint bumper. Mr. ——, being an abstemious man, chose rather to tell a story than incur the forfeit. "One day," said he, in his pompous manner, "a thief, in his rounds, saw the door of a church invitingly open. He walked in, thinking that even there he might lay hold of something useful. Having secured the pulpit cloth, he was retreating, when lo! he found the door was shut. After some consideration, he adopted the only means of escape left, namely, to let himself down by the bell-rope. The bell of course rang; the people were alarmed, and the thief was taken just as he reached the ground. When they were dragging him away, he looked up, and emphatically addressed the bell (as I now address your lordship), "Had it not been," said he, "for your *long tongue*, and your *empty head*, I had made my *escape*."

THE LETTER-BOX.

No. 39.

TO THE EDITOR.

I Know not how it happens, Mr. Editor, but I always had a particular aversion to critics; I mean your bombastic pedants who deluge the paths of literature with a "torrent of words, without a drop of intellect;" and all for the sake of proving (if *possible*) that there are greater blockheads in the world than themselves. Should we enquire into the circumstances and characters of such wiseacres, we should discover them, for the most part, to be a set of neglected authors, who, merely from possessing a few cheese-parings of wit, had dashed forth into life as wholesale-dealers, and were bankrupted. And thus finding it impossible to soar above the common level of the undistinguished multitude, they would fain humble the distinguished *few* down to their own inglorious standard. But sterling genius smiles at the fiery ordeal; and extinguishes, like the morning sun, the glimmerings of every inferior luminary. Whether or not my method of reasoning is conclusive, I do not pretend to determine; but it appears to me quite paradoxical, that a man literally incapable of writing on a subject himself, should be a proper and competent judge of that

subject

subject when discussed by another person; yet that such is frequently *pretended* to be the case, we have the most incontestible evidence. To constitute a true and just critic, there must be a union of brilliant genius, profound erudition, and immaculate integrity; and when any individual actually displays such a corradiation of talents, I bow with submission, and kiss the chastening rod. But such a one may be considered as a *rara*, or rather a *rarissima avis*; whilst of the grand mass we may exclaim with the poet, that like a *squib*—

> " Hot, envious, noisy, proud—the scribbling fry,
> Burn, hiss, and bounce, waste paper, stink, and die."

Shenstone compares them to certain animals, called asses; who, by gnawing vines, originally taught the great advantage of pruning them. And another, and much older author says, that " A critic is one that has spelled over a great many books, and his observation is the orthography. He is the surgeon of old authors, and heals the wounds of dust and ignorance. He converses much in fragments and *desunt multa's*, and if he piece it up with two lines he is more proud of that book than the author. He is a troublesome vexer of the dead, which after so long sparing must rise up to the judgment of his castigations. He is one that makes all books sell dearer, whilst he swells them into folios with his comments."

But I must not neglect a more ephemeral tribe of critics, who have frequently afforded me much amusement; I mean such as dangle at a lady's arm, like a walking powder-puff, or a box of essences. The last I met with was the spruce Mr. Jonquille, the whole of whose learning consists of a hackneyed collection of Latin sentences, which he deals out on all occasions, much to the admiration of his fair auditors, who look up to him as an oracle. Whatever author is mentioned, he condemns without mercy; and swears (by the honour of a gentman) that nothing has been written worthy a perusal since the days of Homer. Or if any living author is admitted into his good graces, he is sure to boast acquaintance with him, and to attribute the brilliancy of the work (whatever it may be) to a gentle hint from his own dear self. Prior has a stroke at one of these pretenders in his Epistle to Dorset. The scene is laid in a coffee-house, where the poet accidentally enters into conversation with a stranger, who (ignorant to whom he speaks) animadverts on " The nut-brown maid," " Alma," &c. The poet after attentively listening, exclaims—

> " And, pray, Sir, (it delights me) tell;
> You *know* this author mighty well?"

—" Know

" Know him! d'ye question it? Odd's fish!
Sir, does a beggar know his dish?
I lov'd him; as I told you, I
Advised him——" Here a stander by
Twitch'd Damon gently by the cloke,
And thus, unwilling, silence broke:
" Damon! 'tis time we should retire,
The man you talk with is—*Mat Prior.*"

This subject affords an ample scope for the exercise of ridicule; but I am heartily sick of it, and shall therefore conclude with a fable, attributed to the pen of Martin Luther.

A wolf, meeting a horse, asked him who he was, and whence he came? " I know not," replied the horse, " who I am, or whence I came; but my father has written an account of me on one of the hoofs of my hinder feet." The wolf applying himself in a stooping posture, to read the name, received such a blow from the leg of the horse, that he fell down quite stunned. On recovering, he exclaimed, " What a fool did I shew myself—when, being born and bred a hunter, I pretended to be a scholar!!"

I am, Mr. Editor,
Your most obedient,

X.

Mr. Editor,

I was asked, some time ago, whether I was an admirer of *Cooper?* " Surely!" I replied, " I revere every poet that writes in the cause of virtue; not that Cooper, as an author, is so prime a favourite of mine as some of his cotemporaries. And yet there is something extremely pleasing in his poem entitled " A Father's Advice to his Son." " A Father's Advice to his Son!!" exclaimed my friend, " My dear Sir! Cooper never wrote on such a subject in his life." I begged pardon, and immediately repeated the first stanza:

" Deep in a grove by cypress shaded,
Where mid-day sun had seldom shone,
Or noise the solemn scene invaded,
Save some afflicted muse's moan.
A swain," &c. &c.

" Not a line of it Cooper's! I'll be sworn," continued my friend. And I was about to resort to my library for a confutation, when a third person happened to join us, to whom we referred the decision of our dispute. He laughed heartily at our mistake, declaring that my friend had merely called the poet by a wrong name, and did not mean *Cooper*, the author of

of the epistles to Aristippus, but *Coper*, the author of the Task. Without waiting for my friend's reply to this speech, I asked Mr. *Umpire* if he had ever read *Coley's* poems? He never *heard* of such an author! "Then did you ever hear of *Cooley*?" Worse and worse! "But as for *Cowley*—" Oh! *that* was quite another matter. Every one was acquainted with *Cowley!* "Then, in the name of common sense, if *Cowley* is neither Coley, nor Cooley,—why is *Cow*per—Cooper or Coper?"

As I do not pretend to know better than the rest of the world, I am induced to apply to you, Mr. Editor, on the subject, hoping that either *you* or some of your correspondents will determine the right pronunciation of the word. 'Till which is done, I shall carefully avoid (what appears to *me)* a rank *Scottishism.*

You will further oblige me by giving a reason why *Trefal* is *Traffle?* When I first heard of Trafflegar, I thought it (if I may be allowed the expression) a *Jack-tar-ism,* but I now find it almost universally adopted.

Your's, &c.

X.

FASHIONS *for* JUNE, 1808.

ENGLISH COSTUME.

No. 1.

A Plain cambric, or jaconet muslin dress, made a walking length; scolloped at the feet and wrist, with high gored bosom, and long sleeve of net. A spencer of silver lilac sarsnet, with bosom and cuffs, ornamented *a-la-militaire.* Simple turban bonnet, composed of the same material as the spencer. The hair in alternate bands and ringlets. Gloves and shoes of lemon-coloured kid; and parasol of shaded green sarsnet. It is as well to observe that with this kind of bonnet is usually worn a short veil of white lace, suspended from the edge next the hair.

No. 2.

A light dress of blossom-coloured muslin, over white cambric, with waistcoat bosom, and deep scolloped collar and cuffs. A large gipsy hat of straw, or imperial chip, tied across the crown with a silk handkerchief, of the same shade, or one of white brocade sarsnet. A veil of Mechlin lace, thrown negligently over the front of the hat, so as agreeably to shade the countenance. Small French watch, worn on the outside. Shoes of purple kid, or olive jean. Gloves of York tan. Brown, green, or purple parasol, with a deep fringed awning.

No. 3.

A simple frock of French cambric, buttoned up the back with round bosom, and plain sleeve, with frock cuff. A Spanish vest of pale blue, or French grey sarsnet, with short French sleeve, lappelled bosom, and pointed skirt, finished with correspondent tassels. A pale amber, or lemon-coloured scarf, of Chinese silk, twisted negligently round the throat, the ends flowing in varied drapery, or restrained by the graceful disposition of the hand. A cottage poke-bonnet of fine straw, simply ornamented with a bow of white riband on the right side. Gold filigree ear-rings of the hoop form. Hair in irregular curls, partially confined with a band. Gloves of Limerick, and shoes of grey kid.

No. 4.

A Moorish turban of pea-green silver tissue, totally obscuring the hair. A band of diamonds on the left side, finished with a loop and *aigrette* of brilliants in front. A round robe of white or pea-green crape, worn over a white satin slip; stock bosom, formed in circular plaits; finished at the corner of the bosom with diamond brooches. Short full sleeves of white satin, with armlets of pearl, and gathered tops the same as the robe. The dress ornamented at the bottom with fluted riband of the same shade. Diamond ear-rings, and festooned necklace of Bohemian pearl, with diamond snap; bracelets to correspond. White satin shoes, trimmed and spangled with silver. French kid gloves above the elbow.

No. 5.

A round dress of white, apple-blossom, or silver-lilac satin, with triangular front, pointed back, and plain frock sleeve; a double trimming of antique scolloped lace, placed full round the bust. A large Mosaic brooch in front of the bosom. Hair, a waved crop, with a few irregular curls in divers directions, confined with a comb in Mosaic. A diadem in front to correspond. Pearl hoop ear rings; bracelets *en suite*, with Mosaic studs. A plain pea-green satin slipper. A *bouquet* of mignionette, jessamine, and moss-rose. Gloves of white kid; and fan of green crape, wrought in silver lilies of the valley. A sash (or occasional scarf) of lilac tissue, embroidered in a delicate border of silver.

LOVE *of* POETRY.

THE love of poetry is never joined with a feeble and disingenuous mind, but indicates talents of uncommon magnitude,

nitude, and forms the great delight of persons so illustrious. No one ever was a poet, or an admirer of poetry, that was not an honest man.

INTERESTING TRIAL.

THE GOVERNORS OF BRUTON FREE GRAMMAR SCHOOL, FOUNDED BY KING EDWARD THE SIXTH, *against* THE REV. WILLIAM COSENS, THE MASTER.

THERE was an ejectment tried at the last Somerset assizes, before Mr. Serjeant Marshall, who presided as judge, and a special jury. The plaintiff's case was opened by Mr. Dampier, and succeeded by a most admirable speech from Mr. Serjeant Lens.

It appeared in evidence, that some time in the year 1807, various charges were preferred against the master for neglect of the duty of his office, which were taken into consideration by the governors, at a meeting convened for that purpose; that after hearing and maturely weighing the evidence adduced on each side, and the master's defence, the governors were of opinion that the charges were fully proved, and expelled the master. Accordingly, the master, having refused to quit the school, house, &c. unless he was compelled to by law, the governors were under the necessity of bringing this action to recover possession. The charter gave the governors no express power to expel a master, but the law was admitted by the counsel on both sides, and confirmed by the learned judge, that such a power was incident and necessary to their institution, and the exercise of such a power by the governors appeared by an expulsion of a master in the year 1639.

Two objections to the action were with great ingenuity argued, by Mr. Burrough and Mr. Moore, the defendant's counsel.

The first was, that the expulsion under the corporate seal did not sufficiently state the causes of complaint, or that the defendant was guilty of the charges imputed to him.

The second was, that only eleven of the twelve governors being present at the master's trial, the expulsion was defective, unless the whole body concurred.

The plaintiff's counsel having made a very able and successful reply to the objections,

The learned judge was of opinion that the expulsion was a legal one, and that the act of the majority, under the corporate seal, was conclusive on the whole, for otherwise it would be in the power of one governor to prevent any proceedings of

the society; and a verdict was accordingly given for the governors.

It is much to be wished that this verdict will prove a salutary lesson, by teaching schoolmasters in general that their appointments are not to be construed into sinecures, but that the public have a just claim on a faithful and conscientious discharge of their duty in the very important trust to which they are delegated.

Substance of the New Game Licence Act, passed June 1, 1808.

BY this act the former duties on game certificates are repealed, and new ones are granted, which are to be under the management of the commissioners for the affairs of taxes. The collectors of the assessed taxes are to receive these duties, and are to give receipts for the same, to such persons as reside within the limits of their collection respectively, charging for each one shilling, over and above the duty, as the whole recompence for their trouble. The duties are one guinea, if the person is deputed as a gamekeeper, and is a menial servant, entered as such to the duty on servants; three guineas, if a gamekeeper, and not a menial servant; and on all other persons three guineas.

It attaches to "every person who shall use any dog, gun, net, or other engine, for the purpose of killing any game whatever, or any woodcock, snipe, quail, or landrail, or any conies," except that woodcocks and snipes may be taken with nets or springs, and conies may be destroyed by the owners of warren, or any inclosed ground whatever, or by any person on lands in his own possession, or by his direction or command. This act does not authorise any person to sport or take game contrary to the laws already in force, nor unless such person shall be duly qualified so to do, "all penalties, forfeitures, and actions for so doing shall be prosecuted and maintained as if this act had not been made," and no assessment or certificate under this act shall be available in law or equity in any prosecution against persons sporting under a deputation, who shall go out of the limits of the manor or lands for which they are deputed.

Any assessor or collector of the parish, commissioner, lord of the manor, inspector or surveyor of the district, or any person duly assessed to the duties on game, or the owner, lessee, or occupier of the lands, may demand of any person sporting thereon to see his certificate, and to take a copy thereof, and in case of its not being produced, may demand a declaration

of

of his name and place of abode. Penalty for wilfully refusing to shew the certificate, or to give the name and place of abode, 20l. Persons sporting without a licence are subject to the like penalty, together with the duty of 3l. 3s. which penalties are to be applied, sued for, and recovered, by the several acts relating to the duties under the management of the commissioners for the affairs of taxes; but "the commissioners before whom information for the penalties are to be made, shall be justices of the peace of and for the same county, division, or place where the offence shall be committed."

Ceremonies observed in Honour of his Majesty's Birth-Day.

SATURDAY, June 4, 1808, being the anniversary of the king's birth-day, who entered his 71st year, it was celebrated with the usual splendour. Several of the volunteer corps mustered on their parade grounds and fired *feu de joies*, and at noon the park and tower guns were fired, and the accustomed donation of porter distributed to the populace in the admiralty court-yard.

The prince of Wales, and most of the royal dukes breakfasted with, and paid their compliments of congratulations to their royal parents. The Princess Charlotte of Wales also attended.

At twelve o'clock her majesty and the princesses repaired in their carriages to St. James's, and after being attired in their court-dresses, proceeded to a room where the archbishop of Canterbury delivered a congratulatory oration. The ministers and great officers of state were next admitted, and paid their respectful compliments.

About two her majesty, and most of the royal family entered the drawing-room, when the princesses arranged themselves on each side the throne, and conversed alternately with her majesty, (who appeared in excellent spirits) their brothers, and the ladies who were introduced. As soon as her majesty had taken her seat the following birth-day ode was performed, by Messrs. Sale, Nield, and Knyvett, under the direction of Sir W. Parsons.

ODE *for* HIS MAJESTY's BIRTH-DAY.

JUNE 4, 1808.

By HENRY JAMES PYE, Esq. Poet-Laureat.

Not with more joy, when, gathering round,
Dark mists the face of heaven deform;

When howls the wind with hollow sound,
Preluding to the rising storm;
We thro' the severing clouds descry
Of cheering light a golden gleam;
And hail awhile the clearing sky,
And feel awhile the genial beam;
Than now, when spreading wide and far,
Roars the tremendous peal of war,
We bless of peace and joy the ray,
That gilds the happy hours of George's natal day.

From regions wrapp'd in endless snow,
Eternal winter's drear domain,
To where Sol's fervid axles glow
Incessant o'er the arid plain,
The muses look with anxious eye
To see the clouds of discord fly,
That the loud clarion's warlike sound,
Which awes a trembling world, may cease,
And all their tuneful choir around
May strike the lyre to notes of peace;
The scenes of horror and of death be o'er,
And fell ambition grasp her iron rod no more.

Vain are their hopes, their vows are vain;
War still protracts his bloody reign;
And when these halcyon hours are past
That lull awhile the stormy blast,
The muse again, in martial lays,
Must bid her voice the song of battle raise;
Must shew that all the joys that smile
On Britain's Heaven-protected isle,
Call on her sons with tenfold might
To stem the threatening waves of fight,
Whelm in the ensanguin'd tide their country's foes,
And guard with giant arm the blessings Heaven bestows.

The prince arrived about three, as did the princess, and the duke and duchess of York, making the royal party 16. Her majesty continued to receive the company 'till near five, with the greatest affability, when her spirits beginning to sink from the extreme heat of the room, she retired.

There were present, beside the royal family, the archbishops of Canterbury and York, the ministers and great officers of state, the lord mayor, recorder, sheriffs, and almost all the nobility and persons of distinction, of both sexes, whose health would permit their attendance, but to detail their titles would be tedious, and uninteresting to our readers.

His

His majesty, as might be expected, was not at court; his eyesight is so much impaired, that it would be extremely prejudicial to him was he exposed to the fatigue, the heat, and the splendour of the drawing-room.

COURT DRESSES.

The queen.—Her majesty wore a profusion of diamonds, whose value far exceeded one hundred thousand pounds sterling. Her majesty's dress was a yellow brocade robe, trimmed with blond and diamonds; petticoat also yellow, over which was a lace, covered with draperies formed of diamonds; looped up with silver cord and tassels; a rich plain silver lace round the bottom.

The princess of Wales.—A superb court train and petticoat of pink and silver tissue, the train embroidered with coloured foil border and silver bullion, forming vine leaves, corn flowers, and silver shells, interspersed with coloured stones; the petticoat embroidered with foil and silver, in wreaths and shells, to correspond; the drapery of Brussels point lace, looped up with diamonds, forming rosets and stars; the body and sleeves ornamented with point lace and diamonds. The head-dress of diamonds and ostrich feathers.

Princess Augusta.—A silver embroidered petticoat, with beautiful border round the bottom, composed of shells and sea weeds; light and elegant draperies, tied up with rich silver cords and tassels; body and train gold and silver tissue. Head-dress diamonds and feathers.

Princess Elizabeth.—An amber coloured sarsnet petticoat, covered with a real silver net, relieved by silver chains, interspersed with yellow double Narcissus, and ornamented with wreaths of silver oak and cypress; train of amber and silver tissue. Head-dress of diamonds and feathers.

Princess Amelia.—A white satin petticoat, striped with gold Indian embroidery; the draperies on the right side of real gold.

Princess Mary.—A dress of silver tissue, embroidered with the same; the ground-work white crape.

Princess Sophia of Gloucester. White sarsnet petticoat, embroidered with silver, ornamented with wreaths of ivy and silver tassels.

The prince of Wales.—A field-marshal's uniform.

Duke of Cambridge.—Dress coat 2d regiment foot guards.

Duke of Gloucester.—Ditto, 3d regiment foot guards.

In the evening their majesties had a private party at the queen's palace. The accustomed procession of the mail coaches, which were new, was attended to, and the theatres, the subscription-houses, and the houses of his majesty's tradesmen and others, were illuminated.

Though

Though the utmost brilliancy appeared in the court itself, yet the exterior display experienced a considerable drawback from the heavy rain which fell during the greater part of the time the company were passing round St. James's-street. The promenade, at one time was completely cleared, though the windows exhibited a crowded assemblage of youth and beauty. The prevailing colours amongst the females were pink, pea-green, and jonquil. Diamonds were profusely worn, and ostrich feathers, either white or coloured, to correspond with the dress, were universal. The gentlemen wore mostly regimentals, excepting those who appeared in the Windsor uniform.

The HONEST BRETON.

(Continued from Page 453.)

"AS we went home together, the ambassador said, "You have not been so agreeable and complaisant as usual; what has been the matter with you? Some whim or other of a poet?" "No one," said I, "is always agreeable, and I do not conceive that I am obliged at all times to be complaisant." "Tell the truth, you are in love?" "In love, you are mistaken, Sir." "I perceive, however, that you have taken much notice of, and are pleased with Apolline. But be advised, don't give way to your passion, the duke will be displeased." "That will not concern me," replied I. "You will do wrong then," rejoined he in a most serious tone. "The duke is my friend, and I would not wish that he had any reason to complain of me." "Of you, Sir! you are not answerable for my actions? And what is there in common between your excellence and my acquaintance with Apolline?" "'Tis true," said he, "but is it not I that take you there, and should not I be the cause?"—"Oh a very innocent cause!" "However it may be, you will oblige me by not interfering with the pleasures of my friends." "The way," said I, "is very easy; it is to be no more of your supper parties; nor will I go to them again." "Why?" said he. "Because I consider myself as henceforth out of my place in the circle of your amusements." "But you are, it appears to me, very well received there, however?" "Yes, as a witness, and to contribute to them; and this part does not at all suit my disposition. "You are proud, M. de Montalde!" "A little, Sir." "But really would you have us be polite enough to permit you to cajole our mistresses?" "I ought Sir, to respect you in your's, but in her only. It is not that the others captivate me more; and although I am pleased with Apolline, yet I can prove, by not seeing her again, that she holds no place in my heart. But

I

I am resolved to be free, and if I gave any other the authority to forbid whatever may give me pleasure, I should be no longer so. Let us, I desire you, wave all further conversation on this point."

"Without telling the reason, I wrote the next day to Apolline, and informed her that I could not have the honour of dining with her. But the duke in the evening, in her box, had the folly to boast that it was he that had forbidden me to see her, without which I should have been dismissed from my office. "Was it so," said she; "Well, I give you your dismission then," which she did instantly. He attributed his disgrace to me, and went in a rage to complain to the ambassador, who sacrificed me to his resentment.

"I hope," said Plemer, "you went to see this good girl, this Apolline." "No, I was afflicted, and entirely taken up with the thoughts of my situation, nor could I think of involving her in my sorrows and misfortunes. But in answer to the billet, she had the goodness to write to inform me of the duke's dismission. I acknowledged how highly I was sensible of her generous behaviour." "Had I been in your place," said Plemer, "I should not have been so much master of myself; you were wiser than ever I was in my life." "There is a reason, you have never felt the severity of a next day's reflexion," said Montalde. "Misfortune is a great moralist, and at this instant I was more than ever in its school."

"They were now called to dinner. 'Let us make haste and finish it,' said the Breton, 'I am impatient to learn what was now to happen to you.'

Montalde resumed the thread of his history. "You may suppose I had recourse again to my kind friend d'Alembert. The recital of my misfortunes made him quite impatient, and he more than once interrupted me by the impulse of his anger; now railing at that foolish pride, then against that still more foolish vanity, which," said he, "sues for petty successes, and is pleased with false praises. I, for instance, what should I go to these suppers for? Ought not I to be aware that I should not be in my place there? But I am scolding you, and I take a proper time for it. Excuse me. Come here again in three days, and forget this affront; I am going to see what I can do for you."

"I called at the appointed time. "I have taken many useless steps," said he, when he saw me, "but at last I have pitched upon a good plan. Did not you say, that towards the end of your studies you had made some progress in the law?" I answered in the affirmative. "Well, among the gentlemen of the long robe I am intimate with, is a great dispatcher of causes. He is assisted by an old secretary, to whom he wants to give a pupil, who in case of need may supply his place. I will propose you for this situation; the labour will be hard, but

useful to you. In a little time you will have more legal information than most of our advocates; without frequenting the schools you will have taken your degrees; and if you perceive you have talents for the bar you may follow that profession." I closed with the proposal, and took new courage.

"The person with whom I engaged, monsieur de Ferbois, was a man of cool gravity, unalterable calmness of temper, and of such sed te apathy, that neither the good or the evil of others could ever disturb his quiet. He had two hundred law suits in hand in the year, and daily after having determined the fate of several families, enriching some, and ruining others, he would return home with as much tranquillity as if he had been only taking his pleasure. "What would you have?" said he one day at dinner. "It is the fate of lawsuits to cause at the same time happiness and misery. One must accustom one's-self to it. A judge is like a surgeon, and his hand would not be steady if he gave way too much to his feelings." I was struck with this manner of arguing, and only concluded that I myself should make a very bad judge.

"The person I was placed under, M. Rapin, the secretary of this school, was also endowed with an uncommon hardness of heart; but he added rudeness of manners to it; and that bluntness of humour and language, which he used towards the clients, he called integrity. I was deceived by it during two or three months.

"The assiduity I shewed in the work which was imposed upon me; my industry in the dispatching of it, my diffidence, and my docility in submitting it to his superior judgment; the ease, and perhaps the benefit he derived from it, had gained me his good will, and from the little tokens of kindness with which M. Ferbois favoured me from time to time, I perceived that M. Rapin had spoken advantageously of me.

(To be continued.)

CURIOUS LETTER.

THE following is an extract of a letter, received a few days ago by John Underwood, lying sick, from the overseer of the poor of Bassingthwaite, to whom he addressed a letter, craving relief from the parish.

"N. B. Great enquiry is now wheather you are dead or Living If dead send a copy of your Interring as Required by Us Bassenthwaite Officers.

"ISAAC HARRISON,
"Bassenthwaite Officer."

REFLECTION.

THE greatest and best characters are those who, though they have the means of procuring luxuries, have the resolution not to indulge in them to excess.

REPARTEE.

THE following circumstance occurred at the last Huntingdon assizes:—An action was tried for the recovery of 33*l.* being the price of three heifers. The sale took place at a public-house, and the landlady was brought up to prove the contract; she stated to the court, that, previous to the bargain being struck, there was a good deal of *botheration*. Mr. Serjeant Sellon, on cross-examining one of the witnesses for the defendant, said to him, "You have heard what Mrs. Bird has said about this contract, and that she says there was a good deal of *botheration* before it was concluded. I will thank you to inform the court what is the meaning of the word *botheration*." "Why, Sir," it is something like what is passing between you and me."

Name imposed by Inch of Candle.

SUPERSTITION has had recourse to innumerable ways of satisfying its ever varying cravings. Without considering what possible relation there could be between cause and effect, it has prescribed and practised ceremonies, the folly of which must have struck any thinking mind with contempt.

Andronicus, the Greek emperor, had a daughter named Simonida, which being rather a singular appellation for a princess, historians have taken some pains to enquire into the cause of its being selected. It seems, that the emperor had had several children, but could not rear any to maturity. A famous matron of his acquaintance advised him to have made twelve wax candles, of perfectly equal weight and size: to light them before the images of the twelve apostles, and to give a daughter, of which the empress was newly delivered, the name of that apostle whose wax candle lasted the longest. Andronicus followed this advice; and the candle before the image of Simon having outlasted the others, the princess was called Simonida, after the apostle. The life of this lady was singularly chequered with misfortunes, from which her patron Simon did not deliver her; perhaps, because he was not pleased with being indebted for his dignity to chance, and therefore left to chance the fortunes of his *protégée*, notwithstanding she bore his name.

Answer, by J. Tucker, of Ottery Barracks, to S. Paull's Charade, inserted the 25th of April, 1808.

THE organ is a WINDPIPE, Sir,
The truth of which I will aver.

⁂ Similar answers have been received from F. Arden, and S. D. of South Petherton; W. D. Champion, J. Melhuish, and J. Trood, of Bridgewater; a constant reader, J. Treadwin, J. Osborn, and J. Saunders, jun. of Exeter; J. Horsey, of Castle Castle academy; Philo Musæus; John Tucker, of Ottery Barracks; W. Kent, of Camelford; C. Crews, of Newton Abbot; John Woodman, of North Curry; W. R. Cave, of Pitney; J. Whitnell, of ****; J. Thomas, of St Agnes; J. A. Dyer, of Taunton, T. Cowd, of Sidmouth; J. Colley, of St. Dominick; and J. Channon, of the Ottery artillery.

Answer, by Typographus, of Exeter, to Philo-Musæus's Rebus, inserted April 5.

FULL fifteen rivers, soft and slow,
Out of MOUNT IDA once did flow;
And there it was that Venus fam'd
The wondrous golden apple claim'd.

⁂ Similar answers have been received from J. Woodman, of North Curry; J. Lewis, of Poole; F. Arden, and S. D. of South Petherton; J. Treadwin, J. Saunders, jun. and J. Osborn, of Exeter; J. Tucker, and J. Champion, of Ottery Barracks; R. Withall, of Plymouth; J. A. Dyer, of Taunton; Alphonso, of St. Austell; J. Colley, of St. German's; J. Whitnell, of ****; W. D. Champion, J. Melhuish, and J. Trood, of Bridgewater; and J. Colling, of St. Dominick.

A REBUS, *by J. A. Dyer, of Taunton.*

TO find my first three numerals unite;
My second an assistant brings to sight:
A part or portion of the earth 'tis clear,
If rightly found, doth in my whole appear.

An ANAGRAM, *by C. Crews, of Newton Abbot*

A Space of time I pray select,
The same aright transpose,
'Tis then, ye gents. I do suspect
A dance you will disclose.

A CHARADE, *by R. Loosemore, of Tiverton.*

BEHOLD the rich and debonair,
Oft-times unto my first repair,
To enjoy the ambient air,
In summer's sultry reign;
Ye wits of learning, bards of fame,
A preposition also name,
And to my first connect the same,
In order to explain
My whole, a character that's base,
Too common with the human race,
Which you, no doubt, will quickly trace
Among the servile train.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

SPRING.

BORNE on the zephyr's wanton wing,
Diffusing fragrance round,
Comes the delightful season, spring,
With lovely garlands crown'd.

Enchanting Flora! ever gay,
Her wonted reign resumes;
Whilst o'er the lawn cool zephyrs play,
And waft her sweet perfumes.

Advancing with her smiling train,
She doth her sweets unfold;
And spreads luxuriance o'er the plain,
Delightful to behold!

Pure and serene the breezes blow
Across the verdant mead,
Where flow'rets in profusion grow,
In blooming tints array'd.

Awak'd by Sol's enliv'ning ray
The insect tribe appear;
And in the smiling sunbeams play,
Or flutter thro' the air.

Behold the youth, elate with joy,
To yonder streamlet hies,
Unwary fishes to decoy
With artificial flies.

There, musing on the verdant side,
Begirt with many a flow'r,
He views the current onward glide,
And spends the fleeting hour.

Thus, like the waves that gently roll,
Time swiftly glides away,
And will admit of no controul,
Nor make the least delay.

As rivers flow, with rapid pace,
Into the boundless sea,
So fleeting time runs on in haste
To gain eternity.

When the resplendent orb of light
Ascends the orient sky,
What scenes of exquisite delight
Attract the wand'ring eye!

The shadows fly, and lo! the dawn
Unfolds a scene divine!
The trembling dew-drops on the lawn
In heav'nly lustre shine.

Pure emblem of the sparkling tear,
That decks my Anna fair,

When

When objects of distress appear
Her gen'rous gifts to share.

Eager to taste the joys of spring,
And greet the rising morn,
The soaring larks melodious sing,
On volant wings upborne.

The warbling songsters of the grove
To usher in the day,
Replete with gratitude and love,
Attune an amorous lay.

May no vain youth, where'er he roves,
With penetrating eye,
In verdant woods, or shady groves,
Your downy nests espy!

No howling winds disturb the seas,
But peaceful calms prevail;
The vessels, wafted by the breeze,
In stately order sail.

From Albion's isle to climes remote,
Where sultry sunbeams glow:
Or o'er the foaming billows float
To endless tracts of snow.

Long may Britannia's sons withstand
The dangers of the sea,
Nobly defend our happy land,
And there brave deeds display!

And whilst fair plenty deigns to smile,
Our blessings to increase,
Soon may the sons of Albion's isle
Enjoy a lasting peace!

In songs of never-ceasing praise
Oh let your thanks be giv'n
To God your humble voices raise,
Who reigns supreme in Heaven!

Tiverton, May, 1808. R. LOOSEMORE.

BOOK-MAKING.

[From a Work, entitled, "The Age of Frivolity."]

OF old, book-making was a mighty charge;
They aim'd at folios, weighty, thick, and large;
Firm as the pyramids of ages past,
And destin'd, ages yet to come, to last;
Our's are productions of a lighter sort,
Spruce pocket-volumes, little, thin, and short.
With here and there a fragment of old wit
Remodell'd, varnish'd, cut, and squar'd to fit.
So shepherds build their huts on Egypt's plains,
With clay, and sculptur'd scraps of mould'ring fanes.
Yet we can boast of arts they never knew,
Fine woven paper ting'd with cream-like hue;
Broad margins, rich engravings, scanty lines,
With handsome portraits, vignettes, and designs;
Thus is the eye amus'd, attention caught,
And, what is best of all, not plagu'd with thought.